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THE OCCULT OBSERVER

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The

OCCULT OBSERVER

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IF VISIONS

If visions could be frozen,
And wraiths of Babylon
In ghostly gold and purple
And gods they gazed upon,
Again our eyes illumined,
The roses of our day
Would vanish into vapour;
Our art would burn away.

If visions could be frozen,
Lost Eden's beauty rise,
And Pan's frail piping echo
Old faerie rhapsodies,
Our senses would be wedded
every flower and bird;
The gods of golden ages
Would once again be heard.

* * *

Editorial

THE DIGNITY OF OCCULTISM

In the beginning there are the small darkneses: the mind in chaos, and for many there is no Genesis. They are born and they move and they die within a long night. Cradled in chaos, they drift, indifferently on, without curiosity or purpose; and of such is the kingdom of the unawakened.

Now for a few the waters of the mind are suddenly stirred: whether through vision or voice, there flashes the swift light of the soul; darkness is rent and the senses

know they have been sleeping. But bright intimations reveal more than a purpose; they reveal that somewhere are hidden Eldorados, bright territories, the Hesperides, veiled and welcoming. Yet these secret territories are neither forbidden nor imaginary; neither have the mysteries been lost nor forgotten; but the way to these places must be earned, and inflated values about oneself will not be recognized.

When the mind reaches more profound levels, it discovers a richness as though thought had been dipped into reservoirs of royal dye—tyrian purples of the imagination—activities and relationships to godlike forms and celestial matters; and these flash hints and volts of wisdom; fragments from a cosmic unity; messages from secret citadels.

Occultism is essentially aristocratic; though its boundaries are wider than this world, it demands from its true subjects integrity and straightness. Thus few discover or are permitted to find the secret door. Beyond all the mysteries reigns wisdom, whose qualities dignify, whose understanding raises up those who would follow from the dust and decay of this world.

Glib solutions by scientists only solve material discomforts, but completely fail in the subtler fields of phenomena. Crude reasoning has led to a monstrous and paralysing dark, though with the use of reason and mechanics faith and muddled theologies could no longer be acceptable; for the traditional religions had long ago cast aside the spiritual mechanics called under other names: magic, alchemy, divination and astral forces—with the taunt of 'paganism and idolatry', but left a gulf, a place without foundations; a state of emptiness to be filled in by theological phantasy and scientific speculation; though neither intelligible to the intuition nor to the reason; for both emphasized in the narrowest of limits—human dogma.

It is an unhappy fact that the sciences either ignored

or treated with contempt the occult techniques. Yet in the earliest literature of mankind, hints of man's relationship with the gods have been revealed, systems described and conveyed through the written word and through the rituals of secret societies.

The orthodoxies having failed you and turned you upon yourself, you must turn spiritual navvy and dig; yet into no soft clay but into a subtle and slippery one. And it is, as far as you can ascertain, a perilous task. Like labouring in a cave with only an occasional flicker of the intuition to guide. You are also doubtful concerning the existence of any treasure. If only the words 'Open Sesame' could be used, and behold, all the glitter and opulence of cosmic treasure be revealed.

Only when reaching responsibility are the psychological and spiritual structures of the Universe permitted to be comprehended; before that, they seem unsolvable mysteries. The intellectual stares through the mist of his arrogance and there is darkness; the mystic sees through vortices of emotion and senses an amorphous unity.

If there is a secret and hidden architecture, a complicated pattern and plan operating and over-shadowing our lives, why is mankind left in ignorance of such forces? Because such systems are beyond eye-range must they be non-existent? Many leaders being equally blind and impressed by scientific data add to the bewilderment of the inquirer. Yet such blindness and crudity applies only to a small section of humanity: the West. The superstitious ignorant East knows better; their fears and superstitions, their rituals and taboos have evolved from records of an ancient arcanum, astral life memories during sleep, and sensitivity to elemental entities who are always with them. From the primitive sensitive emerges a wholesome respect for the unknown with childish interpretations of the Universe; but from the spiritualized sensitive, aware of similar phenomena, comes a love and

adoration and great wisdom teaching: for both accept the activity and existence of these hidden territories and peoples.

'But why are we of the West without this knowledge?' This question is constantly asked. One could give many reasons. The scientific *hoi poloi*, the intellectual lumpen-proletariat, the dithering theologian and many philosophers whose gullets are choked with discussions and whose minds are a debris of prolegomenas, all have succeeded in having the astral gates slammed upon them through conceit and self-interest; though admittedly they are unaware of being locked out. Groping within their own darkness, they denounce and deny: patronizing the sensitive and compelling the confused to accept their interpretations. Finding no place or crevice for their grubby minds to enter the protective walls of spiritual places, they declare them to be non-existent.

With peevish bias the materialist bludgeons and attacks dreamer and prophet, denying the nobler horizons they might see. Such are the mental generals and captains over the armies of man to-day; though beyond their small and tragic victories, over their helots, hidden yet dynamic, are the galaxies of consciousness, the splendid forerunners, those who have ascended and who have refined—though countless incarnations—the shining defenders of the occult faith, who guard their treasures from the clamorous and conceited urchins of mankind.

The mysteries are aloof and keep their silent counsels. Their protections are subtle, and though the minds of the unready and inquisitive may probe and reach out, if they occasionally glance through the gates, they usually misinterpret the moment of vision and blink it out as a result of an ill-conditioned imagination.

The truth is, the deeper study of occultism is too rich, too vast; it demands so much from the individual, that only a hint, only a fragment is carefully given to the

seeker, who often feels it is grudgingly given and not generously. This is not so. The bright unknowns who watch and compassionately guard the pilgrim, control the load and carry much of the burden till spiritual consciousness has matured; till sublimation and re-integration clarifies, and truths are comprehended in their undistorted importance; for would it be right for the child mind to be shown the purgatories and paradises of the cosmos?

Now before interest in occultism was reawakened medievalism was in power; the books of light were sealed and in dust. Long winter froze the mind and Ignorance ruled the sad centuries, grew arrogant and the luminous hierarchies of Nature sank into memories of a peasants' folk-lore, and the great mysteries were riveted into the adamant of dogma.

Through the centuries freedom was a forbidden territory; only through secret devices could the mind attain spiritual wealth. Minds were homeless save in the narrow cell and enclosed cloisters where doctrines and rituals led one way only: to the narrow creeds of the Church.

Yet through the distance and the dust came the thrust and power of new deliverance, and through reason and the labour of Science dogmas were exploded. But the nobility of the new tyrannies began to reign; aristocrats of the practical: the bomb as an orb, the test-tube as the sceptre, and the chromium-plated wheel as the crown. All rituals of utility in the name of reason. 'The old gods are dead; long live the new gods!'

Medievalism and its incense, its stained glass and vestments, its solemn intonings, is scattered! Now the light of reason reigns: a proud and powerful race of minds, but—barren because godless.

All life travails upon the rack of evolution, and only mechanical devices can give it comfort. As religion brought dusk to the mind of man, science would bring dawn. Science would disentangle and unravel, break

open nature's box of tricks and make, for the first time, meaning from the discordant and uneconomic jumble of nature's blind gropings.

And the spirit of man? The fiery and imponderable spark that can neither be caught nor analysed? This was the unknowable, the non-existent, also the unnecessary; the mythology of the primitive and the beliefs of the childhood of man. This was also the superficial interpretation given by muddled thinkers, who confused qualities with quantities. But this was in the adolescent age of science; that aggressive youthfulness when profound mysteries were solved by shallow certainties. Yet in the history of human progress, this dynamic dynasty was brief; for the impregnable fortress of reason had locked out intuition, that quality through which comes illumination.

Now the material sciences begin to grope beyond the blue-print. They have distilled and analysed and refined beyond all discoverable substances until they have reached—in a collective sense—the abyss about which the student of the mysteries has heard—that great darkness which is a leap to light. Newer schools of psychology have built a few ramshackle bridges; but the few discoveries have revealed greater complexities.

Yet though the physical sciences began with anthems of praise they are concluding with requiems of despair; for they had released the fiery furnaces of the atom and with it the menace of the irresponsible. To use the thunderbolts of nature man must be stronger than nature. Nature has her dignity and will protect herself behind her bright augoïdes: for science has dissolved its foundations and now treads a firmament of fire.

The matrices of Nature are no longer accidental patterns but the vital alphabet of a cosmic tongue; difficult to decipher, yet becoming ever clearer as the intellectual method co-operates with the intuitive.

THE EDITOR

MARXISM AND THE OCCULT

By ELI

Whether we like it or not, Marxism is one of the most powerful forces operating in the world to-day, and it is perhaps surprising that it has not received more attention from professed students of occult philosophy, for behind the cruder propagandist extravagancies of Marxist literature, there lies a profound and well-developed system of philosophical thought, known to its adepts as Dialectical Materialism. The very success which this system of thought has had among large numbers of 'intellectuals' in all countries should lead us to examine its basic postulates, and to see wherein lies both its strength and its weakness. This, then, is the purpose of this article, to present a critique of Marxism from the occult standpoint, and to show how Marxist philosophy has made use of certain occult concepts for its own ends, often distorting them in the process.

While the suggestion that this is being done consciously cannot be entirely ignored, there is little or no evidence of any conscious knowledge of occult processes in the formulators of Marxist thought, Marx, Engels, and Lenin, or in the 'Thirteen Men of the Kremlin' of to-day. But, as John Hargrave is showing us in his series of articles on *Black Magic in Modern Art*, black magic may be used subconsciously by the surrealist painter, and in the same way it may be used subconsciously by power-blinded politicians and propagandists (and not only by those of the Marxian ilk!) and an element of black magic certainly appears in some types of Communist orations and publications, whether they be addressed to the 'masses' for whose welfare such tender sentiments are expressed, or to the small coteries of intellectuals that are the driving force behind all Communist activity everywhere.

For an idea to succeed and gain currency, however, it must correspond to certain traits in man's psychological make-up, and a successful mass movement must—however subconsciously—have established some kind of *rapprochement* with the occult forces, 'good', 'evil' or indifferent, that govern human affairs.

Marxism, the birth of which can be dated at the publication of the Communist Manifesto in 1848, was conceived in suffering and the parallels with the origin of Christianity are striking. Both were born in an epoch when, to a superficial observer, the stability and power of the governing minority seemed assured, and when luxury and opulence had reached a degree hitherto unknown, and yet underneath the surface world-changing events were taking place, and these were to lead to the downfall of that society whose permanence and wealth seemed so well assured. And the wealth and prosperity of the ruling-classes was based on a more inhuman exploitation of subject races and classes than the world had ever known before. To the downtrodden and lonely slave and freedman of the Roman Empire Christianity offered Hope, just as Marxism did to the poverty-stricken and oppressed industrial proletariat of the mid-nineteenth century.

Love or the Class War?

But the Hope offered differed radically: while Christianity sought to unite the various elements in the Graeco-Roman world, Jew and Greek, bond and free, on a basis of Peace and Love, Marxism preached class hatred and class war, though it cannot be said to have created them, for they were to some extent inherent in the social structure on which the industrial capitalism of the nineteenth century was based. While Christianity offered the individual a way of escape from oppressive material conditions, Marxism said there was no way of

individual escape at all; the individual could only be liberated by the political emancipation of the whole working-class. Marxism had a strong human appeal in that it also preached 'liberation' (though not in any occult sense) and exposed the evils of a cruel and vicious economic and social system, and although it advocated unremitting class war against the bourgeoisie who were thought to be responsible for this state of affairs, it also propagated the idea of social solidarity among the toiling masses themselves.

The political, social and economic doctrines of Marxism are those which are the most widely known, but underlying them all is the Marxist philosophy of Dialectical Materialism, whose basic postulates we must now examine.

This philosophy categorically asserts that matter existed before mind, and it equally categorically rejects the idea of the survival of the human mind in any form after bodily death. The term 'dialectical' distinguishes this form of materialism from the mechanical materialism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, now almost universally discredited. Marx adopted the Hegelian dialectic, but gave it a purely materialistic turn. This system of philosophy asserts that every phenomenon interacts on others, and so cannot be understood in isolation, and so Cause and Effect cannot exist in any absolute sense, as every effect again reacts on its cause: the ground is wet because it has been raining, but the moisture on the ground will evaporate into the atmosphere and so influence the possibility of further rain. Thus phenomena must be considered not only in their relations with other phenomena but also in their evolution. All stability is only apparent: everything has its origin, its evolutionary existence, and its final decay and disappearance. But this evolution is not a merely gradual change, but proceeds by 'evolutionary leaps' on the basis of another principle, the transformation of

quantity into quality. This principle must not be understood in a purely verbal sense, as in the scholastic discussions of how many stones make a heap, but as a fundamental law of nature. The favourite example given is that of water: water can be heated gradually, but at a definite temperature it makes an evolutionary leap, and ceases to be water at all, and becomes steam.

Evolution, then, is creative: Nature is continually creating new forms and each new synthesis has a different character from its constituent elements. It is this concept of creative evolution that most distinguishes Marxism from purely mechanical materialism, and this creative evolutionary process, so far from being simple and regular, proceeds in spirals; there are regressions as well as advances, and both may proceed at uneven speeds and with many interruptions and leaps; but when a line of evolutionary progress returns to its point of departure it does so at a higher level, and so evolution is represented by the figure of a spiral. Everything returns, but at a higher level of development. Evolution proceeds because each form, each phenomenon, contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and so it evolves through its own internal contradictions into its opposite.

Old-fashioned Marxian Materialism

From this excessively brief and inadequate account it may at least be seen that from one point of view Marxism takes a point of view just the opposite of that of the Occultist: the Occultist views matter as a stage in the development of universal spirit, whereas to the Marxist mind is a product of evolving matter (though not a mere by-product, in Marxian thought: Marxism rejects epiphenomenalism.) In its theory of cyclic evolution Marxism has touched on a fundamental truth, but the hopeless inadequacy of this even as an explanation of the material universe can be seen by comparing it with the

occult teaching of the Yugas and the Rounds, which expresses a similar conception but in a far more grandiose and completed form. Marxist analysis here is not merely inadequate, but is quite incomplete, for it leaves out spirit entirely, and it is not true even of the material plane. Moreover, the Marxist rejection of subjectivism is philosophically indefensible, and the Marxists themselves well understand that their system falls to the ground if we admit that reality has no objective existence outside our perceptions: 'If subjective experience and states of consciousness are our only data in apprehending reality then 'religious' experiences are as valid as any other and the whole world of occultism and superstition is put on a par with the world known to science.' (Quoted from *A Textbook of Marxist Philosophy* published by the Leningrad Institute of Philosophy, p. 270 in the English translation).

Nor does Marxism give us any guide to conduct, apart from urging us to participate in the 'class war' and it gives man no hope of any higher destiny apart from the ultimate abolition of the exploitation of class by class. It is not a kind of inverted occultism, or 'theosophy standing on its head' and in its unrevised form it no longer deserves even to be called scientific, for although it rejected the purely mechanical approach of the nineteenth century scientific materialists, its basis is still the framework of nineteenth century science, and it ignores the vast development of psychology, not to mention parapsychology and psychical research. Its claim to be scientific is outmoded, and it is only a superficial description of certain aspects of contradictions, but theoretically there is no reason why it should not agree with Jung when he says that (individual) problems cannot be solved in their own terms because every problem expresses a necessary polarity, but they can be transcended by raising consciousness to a new level. A contradiction cannot be resolved logically in its own terms,

and the Marxists admit this; but this statement also expresses a profound occult teaching, and the Marxists, while applying it to social and economic questions, completely lose sight of the individual, and ignore his possibilities of expansion of consciousness and of the acquisition of knowledge by methods other than those of laboratory-science. The longings and strivings of individuals are irrelevant, says the Marxist, except in so far as they can be related to the class struggle.

The Unholy Trinity of Symbols

We can agree that human aspirations and individual problems can seldom be satisfied or resolved in their own terms; but every occultist knows that they can be transcended by spiritual development of which Inner Peace is the fundamental prerequisite: the Marxist can only recommend still further conflict with the environment by taking up arms against the whole social system.

It is true that there is a form of Yoga known as Karma Yoga, but the essence of Action, if it is to lead to spiritual development, is that it be selfless action: and while no one denies the heroism and self-sacrifice of many Communist militants, which in the fulness of time may well lead to another stage in their spiritual progress, the action is not selfless in a yogic sense when it aims at creating or perpetuating conflict which must in due course react again on the active agent.

While the Marxists reject all occultism as superstition, it is incontestable that they have come to use, almost in the manner of black magicians, certain symbols well-known to the occultist, symbols of undoubted elemental power. The traditional symbol of Communism is the Hammer and Sickle: this is supposed to represent the union of industrial workers and peasants, but anyone acquainted with occultism will readily recognize it as a union of the Sickle of Saturn with the Hammer of Mars (or possibly of Vulcan). The conjunction of Saturn and

Mars is of unquestionable power and strength, but it cannot possibly be termed harmonious. Again, it is not without significance that the Red Army has adopted the pentagram—the symbol of Earth—as its emblem. This amounts to an evocation of the forces of Saturn, Mars and Earth, an unholy trinity of frustration, strife and discord, and whether or not the Communist leaders know what they are doing, these forces cannot fail to rend them in the end: nor do they fail to do so, as is shown by the periodic purges and liquidations of former Communist leaders both in the U.S.S.R. and elsewhere. Revolution, like Saturn, devours its own children; like Mars, it is caught in the net of contradictions arising from its base greed for power and domination to which it is not entitled, and which it can only obtain by force or fraud.

In conclusion, then, it may be said that despite the energy and courage of the Communists, their philosophical system results in an unconscious utilization of black magic in which occult truths exist in perverted form, and so far from representing a Way Out from the economic and social disturbances of our times, Marxism provides a Way In for further discord, strife, disharmony and chaos: for it leaves out God, and all that makes man anything more than a brute.



PERCIVAL AT CORBENIC

RACHEL ANAND TAYLOR

Is it lost, the lonely sea-road of pine and cypress and laurel
That leads to the Sacred Castle over the spun sea-spray?
To the hushed white hall still strewn with its ivory roses and
coral
Does the Masque of the Lance and the Cup take its
marvellous mournful way?

Who is the jasmine-pale Damsel that bears the Mazer
Over her head with its pointed coif and floating veil?
Who is the Weeper behind her? Clothed in soft silver and
azure,
Who is the Adon-boy that carries the Spear of the Graal?

And what of the Fisher-King, carved on the bier of his
trances,
Waiting with smooth-combed curls in his Easter white
and gold
Mid his vigil of paladins, poised as from ritual dances,
That wear the Sign of the Dove, whose beauty shall not
grow old?

Still stands the destined Knight, aloof in his passionate
patience,
His hand over his eyes? Is he doomed to fulfil or to fail?
Shall he dare the hells and the heavens of the strange
illuminations,
Initiate at last of the dread mysterious Graal?

Lo! Is he here and now, Love's own ethereal Lover,
To speak the miraculous Word, unseal the Sterile Hour
With his muted violin voice, that the Wounded King recover
And all the wild Waste Land sing into fruit and flower?

That all the sad Waste World, by its Five rejoicing Rivers
Be washed of its blood and tears, an Earthly Paradise ,
The vines and wheat and roses reply to the Word that delivers
And ships ride white in their havens, and stars come back
to their skies?

*But the Courtesy of the Graal is long long since passed over:
Even through the Spring and the jonquils, rides hither no Logos, no
Lover.*

THE GREAT ZODIAC OF GLASTONBURY: I

By ROSS NICHOLS

A System Six Thousand Years Old

Perhaps the most intriguing addition to the mythical lore of England in the present century is the apparent revelation, by aerial survey and by patient identification of local names with Celtic-Arthurian myth, of a ten-mile-wide Zodiac in North Somerset, outlined by 'rhines' or dykes, ancient paths and earthworks, and taking advantage of all available natural features such as rivers. The startling implications of such a complex topographical structure at the very early date claimed, 2700 B.C., have led to considerable scepticism; indeed informed archaeological opinion has hardly yet pronounced upon the matter.

The latest antiquarian opinion on the origin of the Zodiac is that it evolved in Babylonia from incidents in the life-cycle of the hero Gilgamesh, himself superimposed upon some still earlier seasonal hero figure. Robert Graves in 'The White Goddess' opines that originally it was based on a thirteen-month lunar calendar of trees. The Zodiac may be speculatively dated from a time and place when its quarterings coincided with appropriate festivals in some region; when, that is, at the Shepherds' Festival of the Spring Equinox the sun rose in the Twins, and at the summer solstice in the Virgin (Ishtar, the love and mother goddess); when the Archer coincided with the Autumn Equinox, the hunter's season of Nergal; and when the time of most rain, the winter solstice, occurred with the rising of the Fish. Gilgamesh kills a bull, has love passages with the goddess and adventures with scorpion-men, while his deluge story links with the Water-Carrier. That is, the

original Zodiac was in use at least in the early third millenium B.C., for about 3800 B.C. already the Bull was ousting the Twins from the Spring Equinox house. According to archaeologists the Egyptians took over the signs with alterations, perhaps 2000-1600 B.C.; -it may be held, however, that both drew the Zodiac from the same source, which the occultist may believe was the lost continent Atlantis. At any rate the Egyptian is the later by our records, and the precession of the Equinoxes had disarranged their original seasonal scheme; Leo replaced Virgo and Aquarius Pisces. These dates mean that to estimate a Zodiac as being earlier than 2000 B.C. is now by no means an archaeological improbability. But in 1800 B.C. the Bull itself was displaced by Aries the Ram, and the Zodiac re-arranged for Gilgamesh as a Shepherd King to lead the year; just as the Greeks later gave the Zodiac story the parallel shape of the Argonauts' voyage for the Golden Fleece (ram). Now the equinoctial line of the Glastonbury Zodiac indicates a time when the sun is just over half-way between Aries and Taurus; it may be dated with some certainty, for the base line of the central triangle at Butleigh, to whose centre points the finger of the Archer figure, is an equinoctial line of 2700 B.C.

Some archaeological evidence exists of colonization in Britain by a people of Sumerian affinities near about the alleged date of the Zodiac. The Sumerian creatures at the quarterings of the year are the Bull, the Lion, Man (Sagittarius) and Bird (Phoenix), as on the standard of Sargon II of Assyria: Sargon, whose ships are supposed to have reached the tin mines 'beyond the Western sea'. The name Sumer may indeed be that 'Summerland' of Somerset whence in the sixth Welsh Triad the patriarch Hu Gadarn is said to have conducted the Cymry to Wales. Further, the ecliptic, or line of the sun's course through the Zodiac figures—'the furrow of the heavens', as it was poetically called—is found to correspond with

the way travelled by the Arthurian knights in quest of the Graal, the signs answering to their adventures.

The First Mighty Labour of Britain

Briefly, then, an equinoctial lay-out appears to link Babylon, Egypt—whose temples after a certain date are equinoctial in their orientation—and Glastonbury. The common link and origin of these will be suggested a little later. The apparent form of the Glastonbury creatures is a representation of the constellation shapes themselves as seen directly in the sky above, not a mere ring of Zodiac signs. That is, they form a reversed map of the heavens in effigy: 'as above, so below':

Heaven above, Heaven below:

Stars above, stars below:

All that is over, under shall show.

Happy thou who the riddle readest.

They formed in fact at once a true *Caer Sidi*, or castle of the gods, and a *Caer Arianrhod*, or temple of the heavens. Such a hidden great work was written of repeatedly by Welsh bards as the first 'mighty labour of the land of Britain,' the second being Stonehenge. Hints of a mysterious land of hidden giants or arcane knowledge in the West of Britain are strewn freely over early British poetic literature.

The thesis is, then, that in the sub-historic period when the marshy sea-land of North Somerset with its hill-islands was being drained and tracks and defence works established, a deliberate large-scale design was carried out whereby a Sumerian Zodiac pattern of considerable astronomical accuracy was created on an enormous scale, several of the figures being over three miles long, utilizing some natural outlines, such as the windings of the Parret and Bure Rivers and the shapes of the Polden hills, marking the rest by trackways, the lines of the 'rhines', and perhaps by plantations, and signaling significant points by earthworks.

For the information concerning these alleged outlines, and indeed for the publicizing of the whole thesis, recourse must be had to the writings of Mrs. K. E. Maltwood, who for years has brooded over the Glastonbury shapes and synthesized miscellaneous lore bearing on them. The material for this and the following articles will therefore largely be drawn from the Maltwood *oeuvre*.¹

On an ordnance survey map the area may be identified by describing a circle of five miles radius centred on the hamlet of Butleigh. Near the centre of this circle of ten miles lies to the south-east Barton St. David, coinciding with the body of the mystic dove or goose. To the north, the former Island of Glastonbury (Avalon) forms the shape of the phoenix, at the beak of whose reversed head is the blood-red Chalice or Challis 'Blood' Spring. To the west, the village of Street is similarly largely coincidental with the head and forepart of the ram or lamb. Southward, Somerton, the ancient capital of Wessex, and Charlton Mandeville fall mainly within a fore-paw and the rump of the lion; while Keinton Mandeville is on the verge of the corn-baby-sheaf of the Earth Mother, Virgo.

The Origins of Druidic Beliefs

It is inevitable to those interested in the British mystical tradition to enquire what bearing this ap-

¹ *A Guide to Glastonbury's Temple of the Stars: 'Air View Supplement'* to this: *The Enchantments of Britain*, by K. E. Maltwood, F.R.S.A. Other works used are: Lewis Spence, *The Mysteries of Britain*; Sir John Rhys, *Hibbert Lectures*, 1886; Lady Charlotte Guest, *The Mebinogion*; poems of Taliesin, the Barddas and Welsh Triads and *The High History of the Holy Graal passim*; Robert Graves, *The White Goddess*; Geoffrey of Monmouth, *History of the Kings of Britain*; *The Observations of Bell*, *The Epic of Gilgamesh* and *The Babylonian Legend of the Creation*, from the British Museum; Plutarch, *passim*; Nennius, *Historia Brittonum*; E. A. Wallis Budge, *Amulets and Superstitions*; Mme. Blavatsky, *Secret Doctrine*, and Dr. Layard, *The Lady of the Hare*.

parently new discovery has upon the already-known early beliefs in this country commonly associated with the term Druidism. However uncertain we may be of much of its teaching, some of it seems by now to be well-established by comparative study of texts and by recent archaeology. The latter has been especially enlightening on origins. Instead of being forced to look eastward to Egypt and elsewhere for the origins of various elements, it now appears that we can reasonably attribute the core of both Egyptian and the proto-Druidic religions to a common origin in North Africa.

The Neolithic long-barrow men who traded, settled and built along the north-west of the British Isles on the way to the Baltic, were definitely African in origin. There, as in Spain, they left prolific evidences of their cult of the dead. The date tentatively given for their arrival has been 2000 B.C., the middle Minoan period; but it may well have been earlier. In any case the late Palaeolithic culture upon which they impinged also has most definite traces of the cult of the dead. As early as 1400 B.C. Aurignacian burials proved this—aeons earlier than Egypt. Megalithic remains associated with these Old Stone Age peoples show that the common origin of this belief was somewhere in North Africa, and that it then spread eastward to crystallize later as the cult of Osiris in Egypt, and northwards via the abundant remains in Spain to Brittany and Britain. Osiris appears about 3400 B.C. at Abydos in the First Dynasty. It may well be therefore that, if the cult of the Cabiri or 'Twins' was indeed the North African cult whence Osiris came, a similar cult may have spread northward with the great stone monuments to the dead as far as Britain long before the archaeologists' date of 2000 B.C.

In Britain there followed invading waves of the 'roundheaded' or Celtic peoples, traders coming via Central Europe. They enriched culture on the physical side, but seem to have taken over these Iberian religious

ideas completely. Thus the cult of Bealteine or Beltane, at one time universal in Britain and with traces of survival to the present day in Ireland and Scotland at least, is identical here and in Morocco.

Waves of further invasions and wars from Ligurian and East-Germanic peoples swept the European continent, but seem mostly to have checked at the Channel. Thus it was that in Britain there seems to have developed a more systematic and unhindered religion based on the cult of the dead, even as eastwards in Egypt the peculiarly static conditions of civilization enabled that extraordinary continuity of Pharoahs and Osiris-figures through the centuries.

Britain, when the curtain rises, a little fitfully, on history proper, was known to Caesar as the origin and training-place of the cult of Druidism; a statement that other evidence confirms. Roman and Greek notices of Druidism are unanimous in their strong assertion of its cult of the dead. Druidism obscured itself in the period of the Saxon invasions, although it is from the fifth century that the historic Arthur comes. It evidently revived later.

Our task here, however, is to relate Druidism to the Glastonbury Zodiac, which is perhaps best done by first giving a brief outline of Druidic mythology, then seeing what parts of the Zodiac are referable to it.

The Osiris of the West

The core of the layout of this, as of every Zodiac, is the ecliptic line, and the very centre of the Druidic arcane teaching was modelled on this 'furrow of the heavens'. Man rose with the sun from Annwn, the abyss of creative force, parallel with the Egyptian Nu, through which nightly Osiris passes; it seems in various aspects to be chaos, hell, or even a magical land. Any psycho-analyst would at once recognize it as an archetype of the Jungian *id*, the 'seething cauldron' of the unconscious.

Man traverses earth or Abred, the sphere of human life and visible creative matter, performing perhaps the twelve tests of the sun-hero, and at death sinks in the west into Gwynvyd, the place of the tested and purified spirits. The highest or innermost of these spheres or concentric circles of creation, is the abode of the Divine, Ceugant.

Into the initial place of chaos and suffering, which also seems to be death—perhaps of the unperfected spirits—the hero-god who is the sun has gone before man, exploring the secrets of death and emerging with them to instruct him. But man must also undergo this hallowing experience, and in initiatory rites must follow the sun-hero, who in Britain appears earliest as Hu or Hesus and in Egypt as Osiris; he who later is Hu Gadarn, the patriarch of the Welsh Race, but earlier was the supreme God; he whose attributes seem largely to be taken over by Arthur, with his mystical suffering and occlusion, his 'round table' of the Zodiac, the vigil of the initiate and the earnest promise of his coming again. The three queens of Arthur are the three seasons of his mate the earth.

Beneath the supreme Hu are the god-agents of creation, the male force Celi or Coel, and the cauldron goddess Keridwen, the pair being imaged as a white bull and cow—a very ancient image associated with India. Celi, 'the Hidden One', seems to have been the mistletoe god with his white pearl-berries of insemination; one remembers the mistletoe sacrament of the legendary Druidic rites. He lingers most clearly as a name perhaps in the Cole dynasty of Colchester. Keridwen is the English Demeter or Ceres, the 'goddess of various seeds', the White Goddess of Mr. Robert Graves and prototype of many goddesses who were probably local figures—Ana, Dana or Donu, Brigantia or Brigid, even Ma-Gog, the wife of Gog or Ogmios. Hers is the cauldron of the world's womb and

of initiation, bringing forth Taliesin the sun and summer, and Anaddgu the night and winter—the principle of pairs of opposites, one might say. Taliesin eventually becomes surrogate for Hu, perhaps when Arthur became a more underworld and fertility figure; he sits in the golden chair of the wheel of the heavens.

Solemn processes of initiation and revelation centred about Keridwen with her cauldron, as about the earth-mother Demeter at Eleusis. Three heavenly drops had been stolen from heaven or Ceugant, and to obtain inspiration the mystic descent into Annwn must be made, where they were to be found in the Cauldron of Inspiration, which eventually identifies with Annwn itself and with Keridwen. In more modern language, and robbing it of its mystic significance, this would seem to mean, putting it baldly, that the poet or prophet must descend into the unconscious *id* to obtain his true 'flow'. *[In the next article the signs with Druidic parallels will be given in detail.]*



REJUVENATE YOUR HOROSCOPE

By JULIAN SHAW

Many ardent amateurs of astrology resemble travellers who find, to their joy, that with a little goodwill and much misinterpretation, they can make their simple wants made known in a foreign tongue. But, again with a little goodwill, they would probably have fared just as well if they had not had twelve lessons before they started. Astrology is not just another of the occult arts; it has been called the science of the sciences, and it is deceptively simple. That alone should make anyone look at it carefully before deciding to study it, for it is impossible to study it without, consciously or unconsciously, putting it into practice on some level of experience.

It is simple, for any intelligent person can learn how to cast a horoscope and use the traditional interpretation of houses, signs, planets and aspects in a short time. And as practice makes for proficiency if not perfection, the intelligent exponent of the traditional rules who is methodical can handle a large number of clients with the speed of a National Insurance doctor.

But a time comes when the astrologer, if he be a student, not only of his clients' maps but of his own, comes upon innumerable snags. A little accommodation here, a blind eye there and things come right again; but after a time there are more snags and he may well begin to wonder: 'Is there really anything in it or is it just a case of mass-hypnotism?' We have agreed to believe certain things; we fix them in our minds and in our clients' minds, and then we progress them.

Zen Buddhists have a saying: 'To him who knows nothing of Buddhism, mountains are mountains, waters are waters and trees are trees. When he has read the scriptures and known a little of the doctrine, mountains are to him no longer mountains, waters no longer waters, and trees no longer trees. But when he is thoroughly enlightened, mountains are once again mountains, waters once again waters, and trees once again trees.'

These articles are addressed to students who are already versed in the rules of astrology, but who feel imprisoned rather than liberated in their own horoscopes. When that is the case, no matter how scientifically you calculate the horoscopes of your friends or clients, you will be unable to let intuition dictate your judgment. A client does not want to know technicalities: he wants to know if he is going to change his residence, lose his job, have an operation or gain a legacy (death in the family). You will not need to satisfy him on these points if you can give him a formula by means of which he can deal with his own problems as they arise. If you cannot do this, let the practice of astrology alone.

Two New Astrological Rules

In studying your own map, you may know too well that disobliging square, that easy-way-out trine. You may even have tried the magic word synthesis and lo! it stares at you from the mirror. Same old face!

Perhaps, you come to think, the Puritans who spoke disapprovingly about 'drawing aside the curtain of the future' were in the right of it for the future, even the familiar blend of 'rain with bright periods' or 'fair weather with occasional showers' can sound extremely dull.

Now the Puritans were talking through their tall hats, for the future, as a static landscape with an iron curtain in front of it, is just a nightmare. The only way to improve the future is by being different now. Right now. Just forget about the map of your nativity for a moment and come back to the fact it symbolizes. Your father begat you, your mother conceived you and brought you forth. Father, Mother, Child.

In astrology, the signs may be analysed as four elements in three modes. The modes are: Cardinal, or the generation of power; Fixed, or the concentration of power; and Mutable, or the distribution of power. These three modes correspond to the roles of the family trinity. The father, whatever his sun-sign, is generative; the mother, no matter how positive her sun-sign may be, is concentrative, and the child is distributive, all in relation to each other. If sign and function agree, as in a Cardinal sign-father and a Fixed sign-mother, there may be an easier pattern, but not necessarily a brighter child.

It seems reasonable to remember that the native of a horoscope is not a special creation, and that his parents *do* come into the picture.

The rule for the first stage in rejuvenating your horoscope is: *Find the sun-signs of your parents and relate them to your own sun-sign.*

The practising astrologer will raise some points here. He will recall that parents are frequently clearly marked

in their child's horoscope by planets. Saturn in a position to restrict may be the perfect symbol of a repressive father. Jupiter, weakly placed, may be no benefic but the symbol of a foolishly indulgent mother.

A second objection may be that the Sun in a child's horoscope is traditionally held to represent the father; similarly the Moon may represent the mother; when the child becomes adult, his parents no longer control him.

These objections are perfectly valid within the framework of an ordinary reading, although they may be dangerous if taken by themselves, but they have no bearing upon the validity of this new rule which does not deal with the parents as named persons with specific colour, shape and nationality, but as representatives of the pure power of the zodiacal signs concerned.

The second stage of the rule is: *Regard your father's sign as indicative of your future, your drive; your mother's sign as indicative of your inheritance on mental and emotional levels.*

The value of considering the three sun-signs quite apart from the horoscope is that questions of character and destiny do not arise. You are considering the signs simply as channels of power.

Parents' Signs Mean Freedom

Prediction about the future is one of the least desirable branches of professional astrology for it tends inevitably towards fatalism; it is hard for the amateur to avoid the conclusion that failure stares him in the face when certain patterns form. Study of your father's sun-sign, divorced from aspectual considerations, will swing you free from a sense of fatality. No matter which one of the twelve it may be, that sign will give you a dynamic quality in all you undertake. And if you feel the need of garnered experience, draw treasures from your mother's sun-sign and transmute them for your own use. You will then be well-prepared for whatever life may bring. The recognition of your parents' sun-signs may be a very

effective method of freeing you from your physical and psychical inheritance, often a burden and a breeder of compulsive activity.

'Drive out Nature with a fork, she comes running back,' wrote Emerson and many so-called psychological treatments are of the pitchfork variety. It is not enough to recall infantile conflicts with authority to free your own healthy impulses; the particular incident may be resolved and the ghost of the parent laid; but if the procedure be done without true understanding, the result is amputation. We must make a cure out of the disease. By accepting our parents' sun-signs, we not only free ourselves from compulsions, we also free *them*: an important point. The old commandment 'Honour thy father and thy mother', may then find a new interpretation.

The Link Between Past and Future

We are linked for life to our parents' sun-signs; but we should break the tangled psychic chains, forged in infancy and adolescence, as soon as possible and, by an act of will, accept instead the relationship with the two signs. The psychological gain will be tremendous. You will free yourself, you will free your parents; and new currents of inner sympathy will flow between you. This part of the process is, perhaps, even more important when parents are dead than when they are still living for our memories of the dead are too often a mixture of remorse and resentment, or else, with pious withdrawal, we embalm them; in the one case we poison ourselves, in the other, we promote spiritual gangrene. To make a new link with the sun-signs will bring to us two currents of energy which will perpetually renovate our psychic structures. And if the parents are alive, we shall be able to look at them as human beings instead of as gods turned monsters.

When you have accepted the two additional sun-signs,

you will find that the limited importance of your own sun-sign has been replaced by stability of structure. To gain meaning from your sun-sign in natal astrology, you look anxiously to see its relationship with the planets. This new rule, for the time being, leaves the planets outside.

Take this triangle with you as earlier you may have taken a trine involving Jupiter in ill-balanced enthusiasm or a square relating to Saturn in shrinking depression. Take it with you, and let the Moon wax and wane, Mercury go retrograde and direct and Uranus send out his lightnings unheeded.

Students of Oriental systems may regard the three signs as vehicles for Atma-Buddhi-Manas, and here the accent on your own sign must go. Atma—the will, the father-sign; Manas—thought, the mother sign; these two are united by Buddhi, love-wisdom, your own sign which illumines the two. It has a special meaning for you between the future you create and the past you investigate and make your own. When you cease to place an accent on it, in the sense of fatality, it will give to you that unpredictable sense of grace which, like beauty, only comes when it is not directly sought nor demanded as a reward for services rendered. It will be the forerunner of the development of intuitive understanding, an essential for mastery in the art of astrology.



TREE FORMS AND NATURE SPIRITS

BY ERNEST HOPKINS
From Veils of the Invisible, a Manuscript

Climbing a slight eminence, I found myself in an almost circular glade, over which brooded and quivered a singular light, the very essence of glamour made just perceptible to the sharpened senses of a meditative

wanderer. And I was aware of a great multitude of those beings which have been known in the Principality from the remotest days of Celtic antiquity as 'tylwyth teg' or 'bobe bach'—those little people who are identical with the fairies of Saxon folk-lore. And how fatuously has our vaunting science sought to discredit the underlying truth of many a legend of the unseen still potent to delight the trusting innocence and natural intuition of many a gifted child! Would, too, that some true scientist, fortified by erudition, would come forth in all his courage to assert to an incredulous world how much more of truth there is in Aladdin's magic lamp, the wondrous beanstalk, or the glass slipper, than in a myriad fairy tales bearing fantastic titles about an 'expanding universe' and the like!

The trees formed the audience of a remarkable ritual which was proceeding in the centre of the glade. The first thing I noticed about them was that, in addition to the special atmosphere of the locality, they further impressed the soul as having captured, by their deep inaudible respiration, a coppery quality of vigorous light which impressed itself on every branch and leaf, till I found myself thinking that, even on the most Stygian boreal night, when scarce the steely glimmer of so much as one star might be discerned athwart the tossing intricacy of muscleless arms above, the roughest as the smoothest stems would yet radiate a dim cheering luminousness on the benighted stranger, comforting him even to the hour when dawn might bless the errant world anew. To-day, however, I enjoyed not only the twin atmospheres of fragrant air and resinous timber, intensified to the point of visibility, but also a balmy warmth of sunlight filtered and sifted after a thousand hazy fashions. But the most remarkable feature of all about that vigilant circle yet remains to be told: tiered and terraced like some populous amphitheatre of old, it showed me every known species of tree, such as had never flourished together in one clime, but were to-day united

by some exquisite witchery which now perplexed human eyes for the first time with the brilliance of unaccustomed pleasure.

Many there were whose names I could not recall, if ever I had heard them. The humble hawthorn I beheld towering gigantically, while the slender-waisted willow fearlessly partnered some eminent oak of prodigious girth and venerable mien. The lilac bloomed profusely, most delicate of charmers; and in incredible friendship stood the luxuriant palm side by side with one silent pine redolent of the loneliest Baltic uplands. Biscayan olives were prolific there, too, plantain and mango, 'nectarine and curious peach' and many an anonymous fruit of untold scarcity. My own favourite, the beech, forking at tremendous height, reared vastness of ever subdividing boughs beyond the reach of sight, while round him, like some gorgeous monarch's satellites, spread tangled regions of bamboo cane. There grew the banyan next to the birch, and yonder exotic giant must surely be the Californian sequoia in all his aloof supremacy. The very bank Ophelia wandered, her sweetness unalloyed in the shadow of death, was replete with all its tiny blossoms, drooping pathetically yonder: yet from it rose the Lebanese cedar, famed in Hebrew song, to add yet further sublimity to this Welsh scene.

Yew, fir, elm, ash, what need to name them all? There they held their world congress, and I was the sole representative of the orphan outcast race whose name has become as Ishmael's. Yet what they meant to tell me was still unclear, and might have remained so, even if I had summoned up sufficient temerity to call on any familiar seeming one for a spokesman. So I turned my gaze with added interest to the centre of the glade.

The Flower of All Flowers

The moment I did this, a complete attunement was established between myself and the proceedings there.

Like a lofty hollyhock, or vast sunflower, yet unlike either, now manifold petalled to the eye, now belled in stupendous daffodil wise, grew the most glamorous and tallest flower that ever had been seen, so that its Protean face burned and beamed at the level of my eyes, now toxic like a poppy, now meditative as a pansy, now simple as a daisy, or intricate again as the many-convoluted rose whose secrets dwelt yet freshly in my memory. Lily and tulip in one, how shall I describe thee, O universal scented, save by repeating paradoxes till imagination wearies and can gather no more? The most astonishing thing, however, about the Magic Flower (the only name it bears in Elfin lands), was its rapidity of transformation, which enabled it, as I have hinted, to run the whole gamut of the graces of all possible gardens in a few brief seconds, only to begin all over again, striking out a new series of yet more delicious variations of the one floral descant which has borne witness to the work of the nature spirits ever since the vegetal phase of our creation began. And the sturdy watchfulness of the trees might have become insufferably awesome to me, had not that rich smile of fluid gold continued to mollify their arcane austerity.

The workers on the flower who were constantly calling all manner of scintillations from the surrounding atmosphere, appeared to be in the likeness of two sexes, like ourselves, but with one important difference, for I observed at the outset, that no attraction was ever felt by one towards another without adequate return; while their bodies interpenetrated one another so completely as to become indistinguishable for short spells: after which they parted swiftly and cleanly, to resume their labours with great joy. There were seven hierarchies of them, each dyed from sensitive head to tapering feet in one of the colours of the solar spectrum: except that in every group the diaphanous, elongated wings which sprang from the shoulders showed all seven colours, the

typical hue of the class being always dominant, however. Nevertheless, each fairy had the wings patterned in a unique design of his or her own. I gathered they were very proud of this personal feature, albeit in an altogether innocent way: for all manner of strife and competition are quite unknown among them. They have thus all the individuality they can need or know of, being tirelessly devoted to one common toil.

The customary theory of colour gives three primary shades, blue, yellow, and red, between which no relation is presumed, unless it be a certain ratio of wave-lengths. Their blending is held to produce a pure white light, but this is really quite an inconsistent theory. Attempts to mix these pigments actually produce melancholy, indeterminate colours very often, deficient in brilliance as are none of the originals. The secondary colours, however, are quite readily obtained by blending blue and yellow to make green, blue and red to make violet or purple, and yellow and red to yield orange. The seventh of the hues into which all light is broken on passing through a prism remains something of a mystery. It differs but slightly from violet, though it is held to contain yellow also; yet rather than being lighter, it is perceptibly darker. Also, indigo might be expected to occupy a terminal position, before violet or after red, instead of which it is found between violet and blue.

This puzzling uniqueness, this position that should be conclusive, yet somehow remains otherwise, I found characteristic of the indigo fairies also. They, no less than the others, collected atoms industriously, extracting inconceivably subtle essences from them and poisoning themselves alertly in positions about the head of the flower; but, while the other groups completed their several contributions with spontaneous glee, the indigo fairies appeared to withdraw again, their endeavours not fully accomplished. It was a mystery almost impossible to make wholly explicit. And their whole bearing was

distinguished by a gravity quite foreign to the other six classes of their companions.

The Radiations of Flower Fairies

These, indeed, carried on their labours with that rapid efficiency, coupled with a cheerful irresponsibility, which normally distinguishes a class of girls busily employed on needlework. The division of their duties seemed to be almost exclusively determined by the order of certain vibrations and the resulting pigments: while in each class it could still be discerned that a few were more evolved and alert than the remainder. These, however, so far from arrogating to themselves any false sense of superior authority, or displaying any arbitrary mannerism, were especially considerate and pleasant in the constant assistance and encouragement they afforded their less fortunate companions. Turn by turn, I silently concentrated my mind on each category, realizing as I did so that their toil was momentous to man himself, remote from his concerns as it might have been considered; for they were obviously embodying some of the eonian forces, in a manner exempt from that planetary discipline which often undoes the best intentional endeavours of human schools of esoteric lore; and I anticipated that the beneficial radiations thus concentrated would continue to make themselves felt without apparent diminution for a period of several thousand years.

It is a process resembling that known to the modern physicist as 'radioactivity'. Interesting to us at this point is the calculation which has been made of the 'half life periods' of certain of the grosser elements. The conclusion reached is that the discharge referred to continues to undergo equal division *ad infinitum*; thus being never exhausted at all within the field of time and space; for $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$, etc., is a series which can never reach unity.

In our common conception, the strengthening of a

colour causes it to become less luminous, and of a grosser degree of materiality: but the fairies, being composed of the actual substance of light, not of its reflections from more or less opaque bodies, an opposite rule prevailed here: so that the most delicately violet fairies emitted a radiation less charming by far than those whose purple deepened into heliotrope. A worthy name, for it was an occult sunlight indeed which shone richly forth from their virtual swarthiness! And it was from a small minority almost sable in their sunniness that I derived a clear realization of the nature of the virtue they were concentrating for the secret blessing of the human race at some future period of emergency happily yet hidden from our furthest sighted apprehension.

Few human languages have existed in a settled form, or displayed unbroken continuity, for more than a trivial fraction of our planetary history. And though being, like its concreter products, conditioned, though by no means wholly determined, by the mould in which it operates, the attribution of mere names to realities so profound, and natures so expansive, as the psychic and spiritual virtues, is almost sure to lead to misunderstanding.

But the violet virtue was essentially cultural: like the collective mood of a group of artists drawn together into some most fortunate meeting, where differences of upbringing, temperament and experience, so far from producing conflict, serve only to heighten and clarify the creative individuality of each member of the school, while also diffusing a generalized atmosphere which each acknowledges with a permanent gratification all of his own. In the violet petals and sepals of the magic flower are held in suspense or solution innumerable lyric scintilla, harmonious views of landscape, or perhaps the human countenance at its most expressive, noble sculptures or buildings, and superbly concerted symphonies.

The Creation of Precious Stones

The secret significance of jewels, discussed by Blavatsky in relation to Apollonius of Tyana, that wonder-worker esteemed in his time little, if any less highly, than even Jesus, came into my mind as I absorbed more and more of that loveliest and most inward of the six colours, so that I doubted not how new and ever more precious stones were being built up in the secret recesses of the earth, and ended by wondering what mighty Sage, born under an appropriate planetary influence, might eventually be the first wearer of some flashing, consummately chiselled stone of identical hue to that in which I now luxuriated, while endeavouring to bring my understanding to completion. Yet in course of this meditation, I never lost sight of the human group to which it related: indeed, I found myself more and more definitely releasing my own store of accumulated vitality in the hope that the great love I had sensed might flourish the sooner, a nucleus of realization in a society still largely dominated by the psychology of frustration and futility.



PATTERNS OF CULTURE AND COSMIC PLAN

By Dr. W. B. CROW

Everywhere in nature the observant eye can discern patterns: the arrangement of the angles of crystals, the leaves of plants, the petals of flowers, the shells of molluscs, the scales of fishes, the architecture of bones. Use of instruments like the microscope, the telescope and X-ray apparatus reveals further designs: the cells in the tissues of living things, the chromosomes in the cell, the

molecules in the crystal. Evidence is even produced for orderly arrangements of the electrons and other sub-atomic particles in the atom itself. At the other end of the scale the planets are arranged in orderly sequence.

Psychologists now speak of patterns of behaviour, and anthropologists of patterns of culture. These conform to some of the same laws as those of organic structure. W. K. Gregory¹ says: 'The song of the peacock is as much an organic design as the pattern of his tail coverts, and to the same general class of phenomena we may refer the behaviour patterns of social insect states and those of *Homo sapiens* in a given period and country'.

In the study of man we are bound to take cognisance of social groups: the family, the tribe, the nation, the empire. These are especially characteristic of natural man, the so-called primitive man of the intellectualist anthropology. In modern times, owing to the rise of rationalism in politics, there is a tendency for such groups to disappear. The belief in the conscious planning for human life in all its aspects, imposed by power-grasping political groups imbued with materialistic philosophy, is disrupting natural societies which have existed for centuries.

However, even in the world to-day we see abundant evidences for organization developing in harmony with cosmic forces.

In ancient communities principles are exhibited which are at work in the atom, the molecule, the cell, the plant and animal body, the solar system. The native human community is analogous with each of these, as they are with one another. Analogy however must not be confused with similarity. There is parallelism whilst each organism, human, sub-human or super-human, retains its individual peculiarities. Human communities follow a common pattern and tend to group themselves in

¹ The Transformation of Organic Designs. *Biological Reviews*, Cambridge, 1936.

higher communities. In this we can see hopes for a World State not based on intellectual ideology but on cosmic formative forces.

Progress towards this must be based, not on the fads or whims of a few intellectuals, nor on the dictates of self-appointed supermen, but on an understanding of the arcane principles of cosmic architecture. In order to control the forces of nature scientists have gradually developed theories which come very close to the ideas of the alchemists and other initiated hierophants of the Middle Ages. Is it not probable that in dealing with sociological problems, men will similarly be forced to a point of view which has been secretly known to initiates throughout the ages? Already the recognition by psychologists of the importance of the *Unconscious* points in this direction, whilst not a few anthropologists are beginning to warn politicians to keep their hands off primitive folkdoms.

Our Untrained Scientists

Unfortunately our scientists are not trained, as are initiates in cosmic architecture, in the fundamental principles underlying their work. They are not able to connect up the various branches of science as they would if they had access to the *Cerebrum Mundi* of the Rosicrucians. Important as is the collection of detailed knowledge, the extreme specialization necessary for this too often goes hand in hand with a quite unnecessary ignorance in other directions.

With the old science of astrology restored, for instance, it is possible to see a unity in human cultures, each succeeding the other in planetary or zodiacal sequence, each with its own peculiarities, symbolized by its god or patron saint, each with its beautiful parallelism with others while retaining its own individuality, and all together forming part of the great girdle of the divine-human King of the Gods.

There is a unity of plan in the structure of primitive societies which reminds us strongly of the sort of harmony which pervades organic structure, *e.g.* the regular repetition of patterns in the atoms of different chemical elements, the homology underlying the anatomical structure of related animals. Affinity can be traced even in some details between cultures otherwise remote. We see this, for instance, in the mythology, religious rites and social organization of peoples.

In mythology we have drawn attention to similarities between the most diverse systems in our *Mysteries of the Ancients*. All over the world there is a common religious symbolism. At first seen as a confusing mass of contradictory absurdities, mythology becomes, on analysis, a remarkable system of universal symbols. Everywhere we find traces of belief in the triune God, the four elements, seven planetary spirits, twelve zodiacal figures. Everywhere we have allusions to the theme of death and resurrection.

Nothing appears more confusing, at first, than the ancient Babylonian mythology. Yet Hugo Radau¹ whilst engaged in copying and translating some of the oldest religious texts from the Temple Library of Nippur found, to his great surprise, that the supposed Babylonian polytheism was 'a monotheistic trinitarian religion', its supreme Triad corresponding with (i) Yahveh or Elohim of the Old Testament, and the Father in the New; (ii) Malak Yahveh of the Old Testament or Son in the New, and (iii) Ruach (Mother or Spirit) of the Old Testament or Holy Spirit in the New. This triad is, however, equally well seen in the Trimurti (Bramah, Vishnu and Shiva) of the Hindus and the corresponding Horus, Osiris and Isis of Egyptian Mythology.

Long lists could be made of the same figures in all religions and even the practice of combining the Three in one image with three heads is seen in Christian icono-

¹ *Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times*. Chicago, 1908.

graphy, in Hindu and Taoist symbolism, and even in pagan Europe. An interesting example of the latter we noted recently, shown on a Polish postage stamp of 1929, where the ancient Slav god Swiatowit is shown with three faces.

Religious rites are remarkably similar in all parts of the world except where rationalistic attempts have been made to free religion from supposed idolatry. The centre of the rites is always an altar of sacrifice in which the Divine Victim is sacrificed with appropriate symbolism. Even the details of this procedure, *e.g.* the use of certain formulae of invocation and benediction, the lighting of flames, the burning of incense, the purification with water, are the same in remote parts.

Rationalists have condemned these acts as 'magical'. Anthropologists have spoken of the essential similarity of magic and religion; but whilst magic in the wide sense covers religion, there is an anti-religious use of occult forces which is better referred to as black magic. For the same forces which are used for social regeneration may be used in the acquisition of power by individuals for anti-social purposes.

Society in Need of Guidance

Social organization is also comparable in most remote parts, literally from Peru to Timbuctoo, and is also based on arcane principles. The king is the centre of government and the source of justice. But the king derives his authority from the initiated priesthood. He is crowned by the sacred hierarchy or himself combines the functions of ruler and high-priest. In turn he delegates some of his functions to the chiefs or nobles and knights of the chivalric orders. In England this feudal system was in vogue in medieval times but as the arcane knowledge on which it was based came to be little understood abuses crept in and it was finally abandoned.

No two individuals are alike and a truly organic social

system can never be built up by reducing all to a common denominator. The modern tendency to ignore the vocation of individuals and to reduce everybody to a mere number in a totalitarian State is one of the most obvious symptoms of degeneration. Society must not be planned by a group of intellectuals. It must grow out of the synthesis of the will of its constituent members. Guidance and advice of the initiates must be sought, not the arbitrary dictates of a few self-appointed racketeers or glib-tongued politicians, hurriedly elected in the excitement of a popular agitation.

But where is such guidance to be obtained? To answer this question we must study the mystery religions of the ancients. Man has never been without Divine guidance. From time to time, when human affairs have become intolerable, great *world teachers*, as they are frequently termed, have appeared. This term is liable to be misleading, as what these great beings *say* is more liable to argument and misunderstanding and is less important than what they *do*.

This term is less liable to objection, however, if we consider the term *education* in relation to its derivation. Then we find that *to educate* means *to draw out*. That which is to be drawn out are the powers latent in man. It is certainly not ordinary emotion or thought to which the initiated teacher makes his appeal. It is something much deeper, which the Jungian psychologist of to-day calls the *collective unconscious* and designates as *irrational*. But the latter has laws of its own and is far superior to the weakly intellect of the conscious mind. It is of the same nature as THAT which produces the structure of the atom, the arrangement of the petals in the plant, the beautiful order of the cosmos.



APHORISMS ON OBSERVATION

By QUÆSTOR

'For he hath the blessings of Uriel and seeth high and low: the secret strength of adamant places and the source of the rafters of the rainbow. His sight is with the wing, the petal and the rock. His sight is in the heart of man and can weigh his sorrows; his sight can measure conceit and innocence. For he hath the blessings of Uriel the deep-sighted Angel.'

The Universe is based on reason and mechanics. Its emptiness is only apparent, all is activity with meaning. And the spiritualized mind expects the unexpected. The commonplace scene may reveal a mystery, the air a hidden pulsation; within stillness, great activities lapping the uppermost fringes of perception. The essences, stored in the vats of a profound consciousness, overflow, gush and cascade in rainbow richness till such a mind is enthroned in the blazonries and symbols of the cosmic archives.

To one with full awareness space is no longer empty; influences no longer invisible. The atmosphere pulsating and rhythmic and infinite in extension. The seed of an idea is seen almost simultaneously as a magnificent tree; ideas possess a royal richness.

There are no trivialities to the illuminated mind; all is significant. Size has no value; only quality and intensity. To observe with intensity is to dig deep; to observe shallowly is to be superficial however much information be obtained.

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To observe with the eye of the artist is to see pattern and colour, designs and harmonies; delicate nuances and all subtle shades in form. The untrained eye observes shapes and colours, but cannot integrate and give them meaning. But the capacity to observe does not belong to the eyes alone; the ears observe, the touch, the taste:

all these are doors to an expansion of consciousness.

The difference between the artist and the intellectual is that the artist listens-in, the intellectual thinks it out.

* * * *

The awareness of the animal brings appetites and desires. The awareness of the mind brings perspective and proportion. The awareness of the imagination brings a capacity for creation and patterns. All these harmonized through observation can lead to illumination.

When we attempt the final analysis of a term we frequently admit defeat. If we bring to it a wide range of experience and thought it changes like a chameleon; it has so many relationships, so many contradictions; yet upon such quicksands of thought we erect impressive structures of philosophy; chapels and cathedrals of theology, and the monotonous buildings of reason. Yet with all this activity we discover that we have but sharpened the instruments for analysis. Persistent probing, however, can lead to unanalysable certainties, those intuitions that are the observations of the soul.

As the capacity for observation becomes more highly trained, questions and replies, problems and solutions are almost simultaneously solved.

* * * *

A fool can be intense, but the result can be only an emotional splash; yet the comprehensive intensity of a wise man can enrich permanently. Deep observation relates the apparently unrelatable. Herein lies the difference between the engineer and the inventor; they use similar material, but the inventor uses his head whilst the engineer uses his hands.

To observe demands flexibility of all perceptions. Habit and tradition show you what you expect to see; flexibility overflows such limitations and hence discoveries are made.

An idea is no use till it is like an illumination; till it grows in the consciousness as a force and an urge; as a necessity to be born; as a demonstrable fact.

To see without thinking is to have a starved mind; is to be a pauper amid riches; a beggar brain.

When observing always bear in mind the duality underlying all activity, and when disentangling these two states most problems may be solved.

Yet we are also observed. Few realize how we are watched and protected; otherwise the streets would be a shambles, our so-called lucky escapes, unlucky ones. Thus is the observer observed and—unless it is his destiny—protected.



THE SYMBOLISM OF THE EAGLE

By GEORGE H. BROOK

The word 'symbol' was used by the ancient Greeks to denote the two halves of a tablet which it was customary to break between friends as a pledge of hospitality. Gradually the meaning extended to include the engraved seals by means of which those initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries made themselves known to each other. In its larger sense the word came to include all oracles, omens, messages from the gods, military passwords, badges, tokens and pledges of every kind.

Now a symbol does not aim at being a reproduction but rather a representation of an idea, often of an abstract nature. In our everyday life such symbolic representation plays a much greater part than one would imagine. For example, a wedding ring is a symbol, so is the shaking of hands between friends, and the images on our coins are all symbols of one kind or another.

Primitive man, overawed by the forces of nature, showed reverence for the four elements: Fire, Water, Earth and Air, and the Sun, Moon and Signs of the Zodiac may be taken to indicate the origin of his science, his religion and his philosophy. The mysteries of birth, death and immortality were depicted by ideograms, hieroglyphics and symbols of every kind. The study of primitive culture reveals some amazing parallels in these symbolic ideas. One outstanding feature is the way in which the eagle has been chosen as a symbol by every ancient civilization, surviving to this day, for example, as an image on coins and as a psychological archetype. These two apparently disconnected instances are in fact related to each other although the link will not at first be perceived.

Our earliest references take us back to ancient India where the eagle, named Garuda, serves as the vehicle of the god Vishnu, carrying him on his back to the very heavens. In the earliest Tantrik texts there is a hymn to Vishnu, one verse of which runs as follows:

‘The shadow of the great wings
‘Of the King of Birds, thy carrier,
‘Obscures the sun.’

This Indian Garuda was often represented with two heads and possessed the power of destroying serpents.

Ancient Egypt used the white and black eagle as lunar mythological types, and in Central Asia the Turanian Hittites had myths connecting the eagle with the owl.

The Zoroastrians used the eagle as a symbol as long ago as 600 B.C. The Persian bird called Simurg was ‘the ever blessed, glorious and mighty bird whose wings dim the very sunbeams’.

Without agreeing with the contention that mythology is due to a ‘Disease of Words’, a study of philology does help us to solve a puzzle. The Book of Deuteronomy likens the God of Israel to a Rock—His work is perfect: ‘As an Eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her

young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him.' Our unknown poet idealizes God as an Eagle and a Rock. Why should this be?

The word 'Rekh' was the Egyptian word for the giant eagle, for which bird the Arabic was 'Roc' as readers of the *Arabian Nights* will well know. The ancient Cornish and Breton syllables 'Er Rok' meant Eagle and Great Fire. Again, the Assyrians represented the god Nisrock as having the head of an eagle, and the word 'magnificent' resolves into 'Oniseroch', meaning the One Light, the Great Fire. In Nineveh, the portals of the temple were guarded by statues of eagle-headed human figures. Some carvings show eagles engaged in conflict with human-headed lions and bulls. Here is our first indication of an archetype. The fact that the eagles always win is interpreted as indicating the superiority of intellect over mere physical strength.

The Serpent Fights with the Eagle

In all early myths, the conflict between the Sun or Sky and the Clouds is depicted as a fight between an Eagle and a Serpent. Already by Homer's time the bird had become a symbol of victory. We learn from the *Iliad* that the Trojans were on the point of abandoning the assault on the Greek entrenchments, having seen an eagle which held a serpent in its claws take flight after being wounded by its prey.

There is a passage in the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus wherein the chorus report an omen in the form of two eagles (Agamemnon and Menelaus) feeding upon a hare (the city of Troy). The psychological implications of this story are fully worked out in Layard's book *The Lady of the Hare*. A silver coin of King Akragas (circa 400 B.C.) shows the two eagles and the hare. There are many Greek myths in which the bird plays a prominent part, but space does not permit of even a brief mention

of them all. The eagle stood by the throne of Zeus, slept on his sceptre, placed eggs in his lap, and undertook the office of flying out to recover his thunderbolts. All this is shown on many coins of the Greek city-States. A Tyrian tetradrachm of Alexander has an eagle on the reverse, and Roman coins previous to 105 B.C. used the symbol on their coins. A book would be needed to enumerate all the Biblical references to the eagle, the stories all being borrowed from older myths. To take a few from the O.T.: among the perils with which the Israelites were threatened in case of disobedience, the Book of Deuteronomy says:

‘The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, from the ends of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth.’

In the Book of Job we find an allusion to the rapid flight of time: ‘My days are swifter than a post; they flee away; they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey’.

Like other birds of prey, the eagle, after shedding his feathers in early spring, reappears with fresh vigour, and in his old age assumes once more a youthful appearance. David in the 103rd Psalm alludes to the mercies of Jehovah . . . ‘who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s’.

After the Roman conquest, the symbol came to be loathed by the subject peoples, being a mark of their degradation. This is an interesting example of the change of meaning in an emblem, for during the Mosaic period the eagle was regarded as typifying the Holy Spirit. Its portrayal with two heads is said to have recorded the double portion of Spirit miraculously bestowed upon Elisha.

Much of our speculation as to the meanings of symbols is derived from the imperishable evidence of rock carvings on temples, and perhaps more than anything else, from the inscriptions on ancient coins. The Roman money in circulation during the first century bore eagles

as symbols of conquest and possession, and the use of the Roman standard is too well known to require any explanation. The bird was shown standing on a *fulmen* or thunderbolt until the establishment of the Empire, when the *fulmen* disappears. The eagle no longer symbolizes the coveted dominion, but united rule. On the coins of Augustus the eagle stands on a laurel wreath or on a globe. Later he appears on a sceptre or altar. From the time of Trajan he appears on coins of the consecration type, standing with spread wings to indicate an emperor, or perched on a sceptre for an empress. At the time of the Tetrarchy the eagle's head often adorns the neck or breast of the emperor. On coins representing victories or triumphs, *e.g.* the money of the legions of Mark Antony, the eagle is crowned by a trophy between two standards.

The Symbol Spreads and Develops

As Rome fell into decadance, symbols lost their meanings and sank into mere decorative art motifs. But the eagle did not die; it was made to serve another purpose. The adoption, for political reasons, of Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire by Constantine during the fourth century, brought many peculiar problems to be solved by the then reigning priesthood. Pagan gods were canonized and pagan symbols Christianized. This was in order to prevent insurrection of the populace which could have followed the introduction of too many innovations and destruction of old religious traditions and ceremonial.

As the eagle was the symbol of Jupiter, borrowed, like so many things, from the Greek Zeus, it was necessary to retain the bird. In the Apocalypse the eagle appears as the symbol of John the Evangelist. The pagan god Chronos was transformed into John, and his eagle symbol went with him. St. Ambrose preached a sermon on the text: 'Thy youth is renewed like the eagle', saying that this foreshadowed the Resurrection. No doubt for

this reason we have the pagan survival of eagles carved on baptismal fonts, and almost every village church has a large brass eagle serving as a lectern.

The emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, Conrad, headed a crusade in the year A.D. 1147. As so often happened, most of his vast army perished on the way, owing to disease and hunger. At this period the eastern part of the old Roman Empire was still being governed from Constantinople. During his stay in this city, Conrad noticed that the Byzantine Empire bore a double-headed eagle, signifying the ancient double empire of East and West. He adopted this as his arms, where it survived for eight hundred years until the dismemberment of Austria following the first world war. With one head, the same bird had been the symbol of Charlemagne, founder of the Holy Roman Empire. The Czar Ivan III took the double-headed variety as his badge as early as 1472, this again surviving until the revolution of 1917.

Then there are the Prussian, Napoleonic, American and Mexican eagles, to say nothing of the many heraldic uses of the sign. In heraldry one sometimes encounters an eagle perched on the summit of a ladder, this representing the *scala perfectionis*, with the eagle as the goal of vision.

The Mexican use of the bird is an amazing example of the diffusion of culture. In the year 1519, Cortes first made contact with the Aztec armies. The standards of the Mexican chiefs depicted an eagle with outspread wings. Tradition states that this ancient race, when looking for a site for their city, searched for an omen, which appeared when an eagle was found wrestling with a snake. The scene of this fight was taken as the site of what now is Mexico City. Yet it seems unlikely that the Aztecs had heard of Homer. In the presumably Redskin folk-lore of Smoky Mountains witch-boys ride on eagles, as we have seen in that remarkable stage

success in London, *The Dark Side of the Moon*. Did a northward migration carry this symbol from the Aztecs?

And then again, had the Druids of our own country any contact with this myth? In pre-Roman times Mona was the seat of the Druids. This holy spot was dedicated to the god Hu, who was carried up to the skies on the back of an eagle along the path of Granwyn the Sun-god. This is identical with the Tantrik tale of the Garuda bird.

Thus we can understand how the very persistence of this idea has caused a chain to be forged linking the present psychological archetype with the Tibetan and Indian mandala. When in Zurich the writer discussed this very problem with C. G. Jung, who asserts that birds are intuitive flights of mind when appearing in dreams. The eagle is well-known in alchemy, the two wings representing premonition or intuition.

Other forms are the winged Mercury, angels, genii, all archetypes of fantasies and intuitive ideas. Much valuable work remains to be done in bringing into the light these lost ideas. The eagle is but one symbol among many. All the civilizations discussed in this article have vanished. The empires are broken, their once teeming cities in ruins or buried beneath the sands. But their symbols have survived their outward forms, and now take on fresh life as we press them into the service of modern psychological analysis.



BLACK MAGIC IN MODERN ART

(Continued)

By JOHN HARGRAVE

IV

The Artist's Choice of Subjects

All right. Yes. I know. The Dead Donkey's Hind Leg. It was bound to happen. I've had some letters about Part I of *Black Magic in Modern Art*. All wanting to 'argue the toss'. No use. I decline the invitation, and

continue the Assertions. The truth about anything is not arrived at by Argument, but by Experiment and Observation. I'm a professional working artist, and a professional writer. I don't argue. I'm an *ideopraxist*. I read any amount of stuff that I don't agree with and don't like, but I don't start any argumentation about it. I counter it and destroy it by making the Positive Assertion based upon observation and experiment. And if you don't like what I'm saying about Modern Art, you must either ignore it, or find your own way of counter-acting the effect of my assertions. But argue with you, I will not—for very good *magical* reasons, and not because I don't know how to argue. Argument is not merely a waste of time and energy, but leads always to exactly what the congenital 'democrat' doesn't expect—*intellectual dogmatism based upon word-quibbling*. (Example: Marx's 'dialectical materialism' and the resultant Compulsory Slave-Labour Police State).

What I wrote in Part I of this essay (see OCCULT OBSERVER for May, 1949) was written long before Sir Alfred Munnings kicked over the traces and spilled some 'horse sense' about certain aspects of Modern Art, and especially about the 'art' of Henry Moore. While that kick-up in a horse-box was going on, a young dance-band musician who reacted strongly against the Munnings' outburst, nevertheless, on the spur of the moment gave the following vivid description of some of Moore's wartime drawings of human beings—'They look like Anderson shelters made of slippery-elm'.

And blitzed human beings, huddled together in fear, *did* look like that. I saw plenty of them. And that is the first indictment. Moore was drawing (with artful distortion that exaggerated the magical, or psychic, over-charge of his subject) fear-stricken human beings. He painted what was all around him—*Fear*. He concentrated upon a subject charged-up and over-charged with Bomb-Terror.

I submit that he (1) did not know the inevitable magical effect of putting that subject on paper with powerful exaggerative distortion; or else that he (2) knew what he was doing, wished to do it, and did it.

'But,' you may say, 'in the midst of War-Terror, what is an artist to draw—"Cherry Ripe", or "Bubbles"?' Quite definitely, the correct answer is: Well, that would do much more good than drawing terror-stricken human beings that look like tubes made of slippery-elm. Why? Because: *Like begets like*, and: *What you imagine, that you become*. What the artist imagines and sets on paper, or canvas, he makes the picture-gazer become. Moore was 'turning' human beings into fear-stricken drainpipes made of slippery-elm—but I doubt if he knew what he was doing (and what his drawings and sculptures are still doing). The majority of modern artists are playing with Magical Forces they don't understand, don't 'sense', and don't know how to control. Therefore, they are a danger to themselves and everyone else.

They thought that by countering 'pretty-pretty' with 'ugly-ugly' they were being more honest, more realistic, nearer the Truth. But Hans Christian Andersen (1805-75) knew, instinctively, that an Ugly Duckling who does not turn into a Beautiful White Swan is merely a symbol of depression and misery that 'gives off' the sinister (magical) breath of hopelessness, and is not a fable radiating (magically) the joyous breath of Life.

The modern artist, without knowing it (so depraved are his five common senses), tends to paint, more and more, subjects that are Ugly, Painful, Horrible, and Beastly. He does not know that *The Beast* without *Beauty* is, or should be, merely revolting. 'Look!' he says, 'how beautiful the Beast is!—and how Sloppy, Sentimental, and Pretty-Pretty this stupidly idealized Beauty is. Let me show you the "beauty" of the Beast. Don't you see what a Fine Fellow he is? He's horrible—yes. But look at his brutal and distorted strength! True, he's

sadistic—but he's a Tough Guy! He's quite disgustingly ugly, but even that will fascinate you—if you stare long enough at my picture of the Beast, and come to appreciate'—(that's the Perverting Word!)—*'the horrible beauty of his beastliness!* You must learn to appreciate what at first may seem revolting. It only seems so because you have been taught to believe that this Stupid Chocolate-Box Girl, called "*Beauty*", is beautiful. Soon you will come to appreciate that there is Beauty in Ugliness, Beastliness, Horror, Cruelty, and Snake-Pit Depravity. It is simply a matter of educating yourself to appreciate Modern Art. Then you will understand it—and enjoy it. It's just the same with Modern Music. . . . In time, you will come to appreciate it . . .' *And they do.*

Of course, the modern artist isn't as forthright and straightforward as that. He isn't yet consciously evil, only half-consciously so, or not at all. He does not yet consciously choose evil subjects: they come seeping, or flooding, into his emotional set-up, because he is 'open' to them. He is like a 'negative medium' in a trance-state. He 'receives' whatever influences happen to come into him, and evil influences (images) find their way into him because he has nothing—no standard of Good and Evil—with which to filter the psychic forces.

He is surrounded by life-destroying subjects. He sees no reason for avoiding them, because they do not strike him as being in any way sinister or evil. And as the most powerful influences in our phase of so-called civilization are all warped in one direction—towards Planned Misery, Conditioned Slavery, and Mass Terror—those are the influences that impel him to 'choose' evil subjects. He is swamped by evil forces.

The pictorial artist and the sculptor have not yet gone as far as the novelist, the playwright, and the film-writer. We have not yet had Tate Gallery pictures of Belsen Beastliness, showing all the horror, pain, and slow-motion sadism of the Nazi or the Soviet concentration

(slave-labour) camps. But, most certainly, Belsen Art is on its way. And the picture-gazing public will 'come to appreciate' it. And as they 'come to appreciate' it, so they will sink further and further into a condition in which Belsen cruelty has more and more attraction, more and more morbid fascination, less and less impulse-revolt against it. 'What of it?—I couldn't care less', already the mass-slogan of our post-war world, will reveal the deadened life-impulses as pictorial and sculptural art becomes more and more Brutal and Ferocious; while, at the same time, the jaded nervous system of the general public will crave Uglier Ugliness, Beastlier Beastliness, and Cruder Crudity up to the point of complete mental derangement—*i.e. Mass Insanity*.

The modern artist does not know that by painting his Chaotic Deformities he has a magical influence upon the public and so speeds the Gadarene stampede towards psychic, psychological, and physical aberration, disruption, and final disintegration. Further to that (and here is magical information that will only be acknowledged by the operative magician): even if a picture—whether of Ugliness or Beauty—is never seen except by the artist himself, the act of projecting it is magical and has a Good or Evil effect (influence) upon the whole community, and upon the whole world. Further to that: even if the picture is never painted, and therefore never seen by the mortal eye of anyone, *the act of imagining (visualizing) the subject has its effect*. The artist, like the scientist, and everyone else in our modern 'spivilization', has much to learn. Only the few will be able to do so, and, even so, only the few who are able to 'sense' the truth of what I am saying and have the courage to put it to the test by *actual experiment*. Most people have the itch to argue; only the very few, those filled with bold humility, dare to plunge into experimental action.

Most artists suffer from the itch to 'express themselves in paint', little realizing that their 'selves' are not only

not worth expressing in paint or anything else, but that *by* expressing their warped, stunted, and all-too-often shockingly deformed 'psychic entities' (there's a couple of stupidly intellectualized jargon-words for you, when the word 'spirits' has far more accurate meaning!) they are spewing invisible poison-dew upon metals, plants, animals, men—in fact, the entire universe.

If all that happened was a clutter of worthless canvases daubed with paint, it would not matter very much. But Blood Cults and Slave States grow like fantastic monsters out of the 'harmless' (God help us!) daubing and dabbing of men and women whose spirits are either 'dead' or crippled. '*By their fruits ye shall know them*'—and their fruits are mostly Dead Sea produce, petrified pods of dehydrated Poppycock that burst at a glance and give forth the death-whiff of the Living Dead.

Those Who Know know that the visible (clubfoot) deformity of Dr. Josef Goebbels had its magically evil effect upon his poisonous propaganda. Ugliness begets ugliness: like begets like.

Nor is it 'blind chance' that the Catalan painter, Pablo Picasso, now a man of sixty-eight, should take an active part in the Communist-sponsored Paris demonstration of Sunday, 24th April, 1949, in which (the Press reported) 'tens of thousands of delegates chanted, "We will never fight against Russia!"' and in which 'youth groups marched in uniform', while Mr. Zilliacus, M.P. for Gateshead, 'took the salute' with other well-known Left-wing fellow-travellers. Picasso's 'art' is harsh, irritable, angry, and full of hatred and revenge. It therefore creates the psychic atmosphere in which the Mass-Slave-Labour Police State of Soviet Communism can take shape and flourish. It is the 'art' of Dead Materialism. And although Hitler 'hated' it and would not have it in Nazi Germany, it was, nevertheless, one of the occult forces that brought Hitler and Hitlerism to power—since every form of Fascism is, in fact, the in-

evitable by-blow of Communism, as Communism is the by-blow of Capitalism. They are all three alike: and like begets like, only more so!

V

The Artist and his Technique

We have now made the following assertions:

1. *The artist is a magician, whether he knows it or not.*
2. *Art has a Good or Evil effect upon the whole community.*
3. *The artist has a responsibility to the community as a whole.*
4. *The artist using Good Magic does not paint horrible subjects.*

And we will now add:

5. *The artist using Good Magic does not use a horrible technique.*

What is meant by that? Fancy having to explain! That shows the degree of cultural demoralization already reached. A horrible technique is one that creates the sensation of 'dissociation', and, by creating the sensation (through the mortal eye) assists in bringing about actual dissociation in the dictionary meaning of that word. ('Separation; disunion;—opposite of *association*;—the dissolution or breaking up of complex mental states, as in disorders of personality.'—*Webster's International Dictionary*).

A horrible technique (one that creates, or ought to create, a sense of 'disorder' in the psyche of the looker) is composed of (1) harsh, angular, and broken *lines*; (2) representations of harsh, angular, and broken *planes*; (3) 'shrill', 'screaming', 'muted', or 'murky' *colour*; (4) 'blotched', 'spotted', 'erupted', or 'muddled' brushwork, or *pigment-laying*.

The work—or rather, the dreary 'doodling', splodges, squirts, and constipated corrugations—of the majority of modern artists (so-called and self-styled) shows all the above signs of *dissociation*; and therefore the work is Evil, because, by Sympathetic Magic, as well as by Contagious Magic, the looker-at-the-picture (whether

he knows it or not) is, to this or that degree, *devitalized* in spirit, mind, and body, and so is more than ever liable to be *enslaved* by mass-cults projected and enforced by governing cliques and power-lusting dominators. Remember: *That is Evil which devitalizes and enslaves.*

Modern Art devitalizes and enslaves because it (1) sets up *images* of the Decay and Disorder now only too visible in the world; and (2) represents these images by means of *techniques* that make Decay and Disorder strangely fascinating.

The result of Modern Art (dating from about 1900) upon the individual, and therefore upon the community, is what anyone with a grain of common sense—let alone ‘occult knowledge’—would expect: *i.e.* dissociation (‘disorder of personality’) exhibiting every phase and form of spiritual, psychological, and physical ill-health, from nervous tension to ‘borderline case’, and so to acute insanity.

Disordered artists paint disordered pictures and produce disordered communities.

Yes, I know how you (most of you) hate to be told this, and how you will want to argue and argue about it, in the hope of finding some word-quibble to show that I am wrong. But if you have the ability and the courage to *experiment* with disordered pictures upon ordinary citizens, you will find that I am right, and that, by giving systematic ‘doses’ of this pictorial poison, your victims will show definite signs of increased nervous disorder, irritation, lack of energy, dullness, depression, senseless spasms of anger, foolish bouts of sniggering laughter, sleepiness during the day, broken sleep at night, bad dreams, a tendency to talk aloud to themselves without being aware of doing so, headaches, skin eruptions, and a whole host of so-called ‘minor ailments’ that they never suffered from before.

But why not try a healing picture, instead? Or don’t you know that there is such a thing, or what, exactly, it is?

THE BEE IS STRONG

R. MEDNIKOFF

'There's magic in them words,'
God's carcase said to me,
'magic an' love.
'Stand quiet as you like an' think on 'em—
'the bee is strong.
'Always remember when you're needin' heart-strength
'that the bee is strong.
'An' that's what I tells myself
'when I'm a-fearin' for me creatures—
'remember the bee is strong.
'Then I stops me fussin'.'
That's the talk he gave to me;
an' so I set to watch the bees a-buzzin' by.
'You're strong,' he says, 'I tells 'em,
'but they just kep' on buzzin' by.'
Now that's what happened more than long ago,
but 'twas only yesterday the magic of them words first came
me way.
Aye, the bee *is* strong;
strong with love that's strong with purpose.
An' now I'm knowin' me own bee's been buzzin' about near
hopeless
in this busy world of tragedy.
'When you're needin' heart-strength, remember,' he said,
'the bee is strong.'
Heart-strength I'm needin' now,
an' now I, the bee, *am* strong;
strong with love that's strong with pity for its purpose.
An' the pity is I've little for so big a need.
O world, a-hivin' in hate but needin' pity,
remember
the bee of love is strong.

ALEISTER CROWLEY

A Biographical Note

By G. J. YORKE

Aleister Crowley was born of Plymouth Brethren stock and brought up strictly in their beliefs. While still a boy he revolted and identified himself with that Beast in Revelations whose 'number is six hundred three-score and six, for it is the number of a man'. This apocalyptic thread ran through his life, so that he signed his letters The Beast 666, and even designed the mark that was to be branded on the right hands and foreheads of his followers. With the same love of theatrical display he masqueraded at different times as Count Vladimir Svareff, Lord Boleskine, the Abbot of DamCar and Sir Alastor de Kerval. Life was never dull where Crowley was.

On coming down from Cambridge he became a Neophyte in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, taking as his motto *Perdurabo*---'I will endure to the end', which he did. Under the tuition of Allen Bennet and Macgregor Mathers he learned the theory and practice of astrology, divination, skrying, the ritual magic of the Grimoires, the numerical Qabalah and the correspondences of the Tree of Life. Above all, he sought first the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel as taught by Abramelin the Mage, then direct contact with the Secret Chiefs of the Order, in whose existence he believed. Being of too positive a nature to see easily himself, he generally used women to skry for him, checking their results by the Qabalah. When, however, he set out to prove the Enochian system of the Elizabethan Doctor Dee, he looked into his own shewstone of star sapphire and travelled right through the Thirty Aethyrs from TEX to LIL.

Crowley tired of the laboured techniques of ritual magic, though he enjoyed vibrating their barbarous words of evocation. He carried in his pocket-book the Abramelin talisman known as SEGELAH for 'finding a great treasure', but he never tried to acquire a familiar, and he only once succeeded in evoking a demon—BUER—to partial appearance. In a long life he only sacrificed a few sparrows, two pigeons, a cat, a goat and a toad, and of these the cat and goat were killed at ceremonies extemporized by request. Most of his operations were restricted to invocations, of which those of Jupiter in the Paris Working were the most successful. He never attempted the transmutation of metals by alchemical formulae nor to create an homunculus, and he never celebrated or was present at a Black Mass.

Not content with Western occultism, Crowley studied an Arabic system under a sheikh in Cairo and Shivite Yoga together with Hinayana Buddhism with Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya (Allen Bennet) in Ceylon. He mastered virasana, a mild form of pranayama and the basic technique of samadhi, but this cathartic side of Oriental mysticism did not appeal to him. His knowledge of Arabic was limited, of Sanskrit and Chinese nil. He never entered Tibet, nor did he meet any of the famous Indian *gurus* of his day. The Bagh-i-Muattar and his pseudonym Mahatma Guru Sri Paramahansa Shivaji were typical leg-pulls, while his translations of the Yi King, Tao Teh King and Khang King are paraphrases.

Climber, Painter, Lover

An astrologer and teller of fortunes, though seldom for money; a teacher of magic and yoga who had done what he taught; the editor of and almost sole contributor to the *Equinox* and the *International*; a poet of considerable output though not the greatest English poet of all time as he often asserted; the author of two mediocre novels, several plays and that little masterpiece

of pornography *Snowdrops in a Curate's Garden*; a rock climber with several records and two Himalayan expeditions to his credit; a near-master at chess; an accomplished Qabalist; a painter of so qliphotic a tendency as to shock Berlin at his exhibition at the Porza Gallery in 1931; an inspired chef; the inventor of those memorable eagletails (cocktails) Abu ben Adhem and Kubla Khan Number One; the confidant of children; an exotic lover; a scribbler of vitriolic postcards and unintelligible telegrams; a personality so vital and explosive that the legends about him are legion—Aleister Crowley was the most colourful man of his day.

In Cairo in 1904 he was playing half-heartedly with magic and whole-heartedly with his first wife Rose, whom he called Ouarda the Seer, though she knew nothing of magic and cared less. One evening he tried her out with vision and she passed back to him instructions from a spirit called Aiwass to sit at his desk from noon till one for the next three days in order to take down a message from the 'Secret Chiefs'. Doubting, he did so, and to his astonishment received for the first and last time in his life a direct voice communication which is now known as *Liber Al vel Legis*, the Book of the Law. It is a crazy prose poem in three short chapters containing a few prophecies, one at least of which has been fulfilled. Parts are unintelligible; parts only make sense when interpreted by Greek and Hebrew Qabalah, the number thirty-one being one of the keys and ninety-three the link between the two systems. Egyptian god names abound, while Christianity is blasphemed in no uncertain language. The use of wine drugs and sex are ordered in the worship of Nuit. Rabelais and Medmenham Abbey are echoed in the slogan: 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law'; but the corollary, 'Love is the law, love under will' is original in this context. It is a powerful message for the 'few and secret' who are to rule 'the many and the known'. It has

already sent one Professor of Mathematics off his head. At first Crowley dismissed it as crazy, and to his dying day he never brought himself to 'sacrifice cattle little and big: after a child'. Soon after writing the manuscript he mislaid it, and only found it accidentally some years later when looking for a tennis racquet in the lumber room at Boleskine; but by 1912 it had mastered him. He devoted the rest of his life first to understanding, then, as Logos of the Aeon and Priest of the Princes, to spreading the Law of Thelema. In this latter task he failed.

Whatever Crowley was, he was not a charlatan. He believed, he worked, he suffered, he had power. He failed to put over the religion of Thelema in his lifetime, which, considering its nature, is not surprising. The Christian world regards him as one of the Devil's Contemplatives. His few friends will not see his like again; but his still fewer disciples mourn the passing of a Magus.



DESIGNS IN FANTASY

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, by George Orwell: *Secker and Warburg*, 10s.

The above is the logical work arising from a defeated economic idealism. In George Orwell's book the principle of Evil reaches its climax: a terrible indictment of a despiritualized and Godless state of society: one of many books now published revealing a dawning revulsion against a growing bureaucracy. Though a monstrous fantasy, it possesses a subconscious relationship to the lower astral hells.

George Orwell has discovered certain truths, but only the dark half of them, the paradoxical teachings of the Tao.

This is an important book; a prophecy and a warning that a materialistic Utopia can lead to the greatest tyranny of all: a lust for power to dominate every form of nobility without fear of any ultimate punishment.

The brutalizing crescendo and cynical conclusion will leave the reader with a sense of alarm and futility: here is no light, no hope, no bearable future; a sense of eternal psychological darkness where

Evil dominates all, where progress is paralysed. It seems that after the glow of the red light our intellectual begins to perceive the black light: an abyss into which science is leading society. Man cannot stand still, and economic ease leads to greater confusions and greeds: inflating the stomach and diffusing man's leisure into childish pastimes add nothing to culture, but make man an easy victim to growing psychological diseases till, as George Orwell sees, all mankind is gripped by a planetary insanity where lies and truths and good and bad mean the same; where two and two make five, and where there is no history, facts being deliberately entangled and distorted into the texture of man's consciousness.

This is a bitter book, emerging from a frustrated heart and mind that does not acknowledge nor believe in the personal immortality of man, whose idealism has gone sour; and who is not intuitively aware that beyond the intellectual boundaries many have received nobler intimations of consciousness, and that beyond our small individual experiences are greater beings above as well as below who watch and comprehend our struggles, and who may—using natural laws—play their subtle parts in our everyday activities.

The dogmas of materialism are as bad as the dogmas of any Church. It is possible that the blueprints of a bureaucracy might lead to George Orwell's monstrous conclusions, or, before that, to suicide of society through the atom bomb. Yet there is the third way: the middle way, the way of the Tao, the way of balance, wherein one can see the eternal paradoxes but with an illuminated understanding.

MAGISTER LUDI, by Hermann Hesse: *Aldus*, 15s.

(Translated from the German; a lengthy work, and therefore impossible to give it a comprehensible review in our limited space).

Scene, A.D. 2000. Again the dark ages after a terrifying war and a great medieval darkness; but here is a nobler understanding of man's relationships: man a spiritual being.

Magister Ludi or the Bead Game is apparently the cultured synthesis of all the arts. One might translate this as the awareness of all the microcosmic activities and the dynamic details of an inner cosmic consciousness.

Again we come to the eternal dualism; but here it is mature, and spiritualized.

Joseph Knecht is one who obviously reaches mastership—one who has attained a cosmic consciousness; who has the permanent spiritual vision and full control. This work's symbolic patterns and poetic sensitivity is highly original; the magical quality of music; the

powers of association and harmonious blendings of all elements and matters.

Of great interest to the student in Occultism are the posthumous writings of a Master, wherein are related the stories of three incarnations: the Rainmakers, the Father Confessor and the Indian Life.

Music seems to be the integrating influence, but one might symbolize all the philosophic descriptions as the spiritual game of life; but not in the shallow emotionalism of most, but in the deeper sense of the divine pilgrimist and the attainment of super-control.

The author reveals very considerable scholarship and reading in numerous facets of occult doctrine and the arts.

Here the nature of man's possibilities is pitched very high, and through a leisurely and dignified pilgrimage Joseph Knecht reaches a spiritual maturity and then realizes still greater ascents before him.

Hermann Hesse's world of the future shows nobility and the justification of man's existence on this planet.



C O D A

A Summary

In this second number the net of occultism has been spread more widely than in the first. In the *Dignity of Occultism* the Editor in this approach explains the secrecy of occultism by showing the essential sacredness of the subject and its development in opposition to materialism and dogma through the centuries. On the political plane, ELI applies the test of occult beliefs and symbolism to Russia, and finds distinct evidence of the repeated use of the symbols of black magic, as well as of an utter opposition of doctrines between Marxism and both occultism and Christianity. An evocation of the Arthurian legend in verse, *Percival at Corbenic* by RACHEL ANAND TAYLOR, precedes the first part of an exposition of the *Glastonbury Zodiac* by ROSS NICHOLS, in which he traces the history of the Zodiac and sets forth the observations which, if the deductions drawn are correct, make North

Somerset's artificial topography the most interesting archaeological, cultural and even philosophical discovery of the century. He proceeds to relate this to the Druidic beliefs, an undertaking which will be completed in the next issue in a survey of certain of these giant signs.

The practical astrologer is then given suggestions by JULIAN SHAW how to *Rejuvenate Your Horoscope* by applying new rules bringing in the parental horoscopes also, the due recognition of which brings freedom to the individual.

A singularly beautiful series of pictures of the invisible processes of creation by spirits follows in *Tree Forms and Nature Spirits* by ERNEST HOPKINS; archetypal trees and flowers and the work of the beings known as fairies are described in some detail: DR. W. B. CROW demonstrates the parallel patterns in all religions in *Patterns of Culture and Cosmic Plan*, and points out the need of democracy for guidance by the great world teachers in order to draw out man's latent powers.

QUAESTOR's pithy *Aphorisms on Observation* precede GEORGE H. BROOKS' *Symbolism of the Eagle*. This traces the content of the bird's meaning from India and Egypt right through to a present-day play on the London stage and to its significance in psychoanalysis.

JOHN HARGRAVE continues his fervent denunciation of *Black Magic in Modern Art*, much of which he finds chaotic and having affinities with materialism and the totalitarian State. The artist of the good magic does not use a 'horrible' technique. A lyric of the heart, *The Bee is Strong*, by R. MEDNIKOFF, in its moving simplicity illustrates another magic. A biographical note on the occultist who has had most notoriety in this country in recent times, *Aleister Crowley*, by G. J. YORKE, explodes a few legends about his activities.

Designs in Fantasy reviews two books of instructively opposing tendencies: visions of the future one of which by ORWELL is a ghastly nightmare of the logical consequences of materialism, the other showing how man's

latent possibilities may lead to spiritual control of a high order.

Pressure on space and other considerations have led to the regretted omission of FERGUS DAVIDSON's article on *Platonic Numbers*.

The Autumn number will include an article by RONALD DUNCAN, *Occult Interpretation of the Golden Flower* of C. J. JUNG by JOHN HARGRAVE, *The Essence of Ouspensky* by BERNARD BROMAGE, *The Prose of Francis Thompson* by V. BANNISTER, *Witchcraft in Scotland* by FRANK A. KING and *Tantrik Hedonism* by GERALD YORKE. *The Great Zodiac of Glastonbury* will be concluded by ROSS NICHOLS, and certain books interpreted in *Designs in Fantasy*.

Many articles are being received for this journal. We are always pleased to receive and willing to encourage writers whose work is of high quality, thought-provoking and expressing some occult approach, either psychological, artistic or scientific: length 1,000-3,000 words. Stories of a fantastic or occult nature are also acceptable.

R. N.



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